

The Ellsworth American.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE AND GENERAL NEWS.

OFFICE IN PETERS' BLOCK.

BY N. K. SAWYER.

ELLSWORTH, MAINE, FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1866.

VOL. XII :: NO. 9.

Business Cards.

J. L. MACOMBER,
manufacturer and dealer in
CARRIAGES.
ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.
Blacksmithing and Horse shoeing
promptly attended to.
WATER STREET, ELLSWORTH, ME.
Ellsworth, Feb. 26, 1866.

DAVIS & LORD,
wholesale and retail dealers in
HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL
40 MA STREET ELLSWORTH.

HENRY A. WALKER,
Deputy Sheriff for Hancock County.
Residence—OAKLAND. Office with Cha's Hamlin, Esq.
All business entrusted to his care promptly executed.
March, 1866.

Wm. P. JOY
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office over J. W. Hill & Co.
Main St. Ellsworth.

REUBEN CARVER,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
for the sale of
Wood, Bark, Spars, Railroad Ties
and other Merchandise at the corner of End
and Charleston streets, Boston Mass.

L. B. ULMER,
Manufacturer and dealer in
BARRELS, PAILS,
RON AND WOODEN HOOPED BUCKETS
COOPERS' STOCK, &c.
Steam Gristmill
Ellsworth, Me.

Dr. L. W. HODGKINS,
ELLSWORTH, ME.
Office over J. W. Hill & Co's Store.
Until further notice Dr. Hodgkins can be found
at his office day or night, except when absent on
professional calls.
Ellsworth, Dec. 1st, 1865.

A. F. BURNHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
Agent for the
Monmouth Mutual Fire Ins. Co.
Office on State Street, over Aiken's Store,
15 ELLSWORTH, ME.

OYSTERS AND EATING HOUSE.
J. W. COOMBS, Proprietor,
OSGOOD'S BLOCK,
1 STATE STREET, ELLSWORTH, ME.

A. J. KENISTON,
Manufacturer and dealer in
CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS,
FRANKLIN STREET,
ELLSWORTH, ME.
Repairing and Painting done with neatness and
dispatch. Blacksmith Work, of all kinds, done by experienced
workmen and at short notice.

GEO. CUNNINGHAM,
Manufacturer and dealer in
FURNITURE,
PICTURES AND PICTURE FRAMES.
Coffins, &c.
ELLSWORTH, ME.

AIKEN BROTHERS,
STOVES, IRON SINKS, LEAD PIPES,
PUMPS, &c., &c., &c.
Branche, Pressed, Japaned and Glass Ware.
Manufacturers of
WINE, &c.
State Street, Ellsworth, Me.

FOR SECURITY AND INDEMNITY,
INSURE IN THE
SPRINGFIELD
Fire and Marine Insurance Co.,
OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Cash Capital, \$100,000.
E. FREEMAN, Pres't. W. CUNSEY, Jr., Secy

Dr. J. T. OSGOOD,
Agent for Ellsworth, Me.

Dr. E. C. YOUNG,
DENTIST,
Office in
Joy & Bartlett's Block,
Main St., Ellsworth.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH inserted on Gold, Silver and
Vulcanized Rubber.
Particular attention paid to Extracting Teeth.

Painting,
GRAINING,
GLASSING,
And Paper Hanging.
Shop over Henry Rollins' Harness Store. Or-
ders from out of town promptly attended to.
J. N. LORD,
Ellsworth Dec. 1865.

W. F. SHERMAN & CO.,
BUCKFORD, ME.
Manufacturers of
ATWOOD'S PATENT
ANTI-FREEZING PUMP.
With Glass Cylinders and Galvanized Rods & Bolts.
Pumps are warranted not to affect the
water or get out of order from fair use. Prices
ranging from \$8 to \$20.
Agents for the Anderson Spring Bed Room,
the Common Sense Churn and the best
Lobster Wringer in the market.

AUGUSTUS B. PERRY & Co.,
dealers in
FLOUR and GROCERIES,
also GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
232 State Street,
BOSTON.
Augustus B. Perry, Oliver H. Perry, John G. Mosley
Particular attention given to sales of Fish, Oil, and
other Produce.

HATHAWAY & LANGDON,
Dealers in
FLOUR and GRAIN,
No. 186 State Street,
(Formerly 16 Long Wharf).
ALLEN HATHAWAY,
JOHN B. LANGDON,
12 BOSTON.

WATERHOUSE & EMERY,

COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
MAINE.
All legal business entrusted to their care will be faith-
fully and efficiently managed. Conveyances, Contracts,
Bonds, &c., prepared with accuracy and dispatch.
Internal Revenue Stamps of all denominations can
stand by for sale at the office.
WATERHOUSE
Ellsworth, Oct. 1st, 1863.

FOR SALE.
THE subscriber keeps constantly on hand, and
for sale,
Tar, Pitch, Oakum,
and a good stock of
Hemp and Manila Cordage, Mast Hoops,
Jib Hanks, Boats, Oars,
TIMBER & PLANK.
Also, Repairing of Boats and Vessels at short
notice.
At the old stand. ISAAC M. GRANT.
Ellsworth b 6, 1865.

NOV. 15, 1864.
GREEN & COMPANY
TAKE this opportunity of informing the in-
habitants of
Deer Isle, Me.,
and vicinity, that they have just received a fresh
and complete assortment of goods, which they of-
fer for sale at the lowest market value, for cash
or its equivalent, consisting in part of
Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots,
Shoes and Ship Stores.
GREEN & CO., Agent
Deer Isle Thoroughfare, Maine.

Flour,
Corn,
W. I. Goods,
Provisions and
Groceries.
For sale by
J. R. & E. REDMAN.

THE MASON & HAMLIN
Cabinet Organs,
forty different styles, adapted to sacred and secu-
lar music, for \$50 to \$500 each. FIFTY
ONE GOLD & SILVER MEDALS, or other
first premiums awarded them. Illustrated Cata-
logue sent free. Address, MASON & HAMLIN
Boston, or MASON BROTHERS, New York.

GOLD! GOLD!
The subscriber has just returned from Boston
with a new and complete assortment of
Fine Gold Watches
for Ladies or Gentlemen; also Silver, Watchdog, Gold
Chains of various patterns; Pins, Rings,
etc., etc., etc.
All of which will be sold at the lowest living
rates.
Call and see them.
Same store with A. T. Jellison.
Geo. F. DEXTER.
Ellsworth, July 6th.

New Insurance Office
IN ELLSWORTH.
J. T. OSGOOD
Has received the Agency of some of the best In-
surance Companies in New England and New
York, and solicits the patronage of the public, he
will take
Fire, Marine, Life and Accident
risks at as low rates of premium as at the parent
office.
Office in Granite Block, Main St.
Ellsworth, Oct. 19th, 1865.

Ellsworth Circulating Library,
State St., Hopkins' Block, up one flight of
stairs. Open every Saturday afternoon and even-
ing.
TERMS:
One book, three months, 50 cts.
Two books, 75 cts.
Single copy, 3 cts.
Ellsworth, Feb. 20, 1866.

THE HOWE
Sewing Machines,
Unrivalled for manufacturing cloth or leather goods.
Also the new DROP PERFORMER, which is a
combination of the most simple, durable,
and EFFECTIVE in the world.
General N. E. Agents, 50 Broadway St., Boston.

Family Flour,
butter, Lard
and Cheese
JOHN D. RICHARDS.
Ellsworth, Dec. 16, 1864.

U.S. War Claim Agency.
Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay and
Prize Money.
Promptly obtained for Soldiers, Seamen and their
heirs, by
S. WATERHOUSE,
ELLSWORTH, ME.
P.S.—ADVICE FREE. All business by mail
will receive immediate attention. Terms very
moderate and no charges unless successful.

WAR CLAIMS,
Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay
& Prize Money
Obtained by
FREDERICK HALE.

Another Bounty Will be Paid!
A BILL has been introduced in the House of
Representatives which provides for giving
BOUNTY LAND and MONEY,
to all soldiers who enlisted prior to June 25th,
1863.
The House of Representatives has already
passed a resolve in favor of this bill.
The Bounties will be equalized.

The undersigned announces that he shall pro-
ceed to the States for
Extra Bounty and Bounty Land.
Advice free.
FREDERICK HALE,
Ellsworth, Maine.
At the office of E. & F. Hale

Poetry.

For the American.

Down to the Grave.

Like to the clock!
Hear its dull tick,
Urging us on to the grave;
Each moment flying,
Tells us of dying.
Tells us of flying down in the grave.

Waiteth for none,
Millions have gone—
Gone, gone forever down to the grave;
Old men are going,
Young men are going,
Children are going down to the grave.

Make peace with God!
Trust thou his word,
Ere among thousands you lie in the grave;
Think of His dying,
Think of His lying,
Lying that Holy One—down in the grave.

"Wild Oats."
When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a wren,
And every flower a queen,
Then for the world is young, lad,
And round the world we run,
And round the world we run,
And round the world we run.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And every goose a crow,
And every flower a clown,
Then for the world is old, lad,
And round the world we run,
And round the world we run,
And round the world we run.

When all the world is dead, lad,
And all the trees are gone,
And every goose a bone,
And every flower a stone,
Then for the world is dead, lad,
And round the world we run,
And round the world we run,
And round the world we run.

Miscellaneous.
The Puritan of 1863.
A STORY WORTH READING.

It was in the early part of October,—
that the Rev. Mr. Allen started to walk to
Farmer Owen's over the hills. He had to
cross two low spurs on the Green Moun-
tains, and as he climbed to the top of the
second ridge, he saw a figure in the distance.
It was a man, and he was walking slowly
and steadily. At any other time he
would have stopped to admire its gen-
tle undulations; its great flower garden of
forest trees, rich in every color and hue;
its silver threads winding their way to the
waters of the Champlain, and the glorious
autumn light which lay like a golden mantle
over them all. But this afternoon he
seemed oppressed by the beauty which sur-
rounded him. He looked upon it with eyes
of mourning. There was a dull, heavy
weight upon his heart—a weight which even
the low, fervent prayers that he had ut-
tered so unceasingly since noon, had failed
to move. Between him and that landscape
he might almost say, between him and the
mercy seat, there moved a slight, tall boy,
with a laughing blue eye, clustering brown
hair, and lips always ready with a merry
pleasant word. To-day, there was Bennie,
nurtured under the rare, brassy arms of
the butternut tree; throwing his line into
the little brooks, that came babbling down
from the steep mountain side; driving his
sows along the narrow footpath; standing
with Blossom under the bright maple, and
shouting with pride and joy as she wheeled
her pretty face in the gay leaves.

"Oh, Bennie! Bennie!" Mr. Allen
hadly knew he was calling the name, nor
did it come back to him with such an empty,
mocking sound, from the heartless echo;
"almost," Mr. Allen thought, starting
himself by the seeming impurity of the
words—"almost as if there were no great,
kind Father over us all."

As he came near Father Owen's house
he saw his oxen yoked to the plough. He
knew they had been had read it in the
graph, and he had read it in the
field, had gone to the house and forgotten
them, and no one had dared to put them
up. He was a man fully capable of tak-
ing care of his own affairs under any cir-
cumstances, never having been known be-
fore to forget.

Mr. Allen beckoned to an Irishman who
was passing, and asked him to take care
of them. The man came with an ox and
looked at his face, and then he stood in
the presence of a great sorrow, and with-
out the least noise obeyed.

Mr. Allen walked on slowly toward the
house. He had known Mr. Owen for many
years, and he knew him well. Indeed,
there was a peculiar bond of sympathy be-
tween the two men. In all his large par-
ish, there was not one upon whom the min-
ister relied as he did upon this sturdy
farmer. Many and many an hour he
had walked by his side, when he was up-
turning the brown earth, and discoursed
with him on topics which would have sound-
ed harsh and repulsive to common ears,
but which were fraught with deep and vi-
tal interest to them. Mr. Owen was a
direct descendant of the Puritans, and every
drop of blood in his veins was tinged with
as strong and true a "blue," as if he him-
self had landed in the Mayflower. He took
naturally to the sterner doctrines of re-
ligion, while Mr. Allen, versed in all the
modern lore, questioned and doubted.—
The keystone of Mr. Owen's theology was
the sovereignty of God—"Shall not the
Judge of all the earth do right?" This
was the man upon whom God had now
laid his hand so heavily; and Mr. Allen
felt that it the trial brought to him, no
rebellion against that Sovereign, the stern
old faith were indeed a rich one in which
to live and die. He knew one element in
this was Puritan. Sons of the Round-
heads filled up the ranks of the Northern
army. They marched to battle to strains
of the old times that lingered in the nursery
and sanctuary from the day that Crom-
well and his soldiers chanted them over
Marston Moor. And there, the staid old
man, bearing on their shields the two words
Liberty and Equality. They trembled on
Mr. Owen's lips with his parting blessing
to his boy. Would he remember them,
and would they comfort and give him
strength now?

Where there was affliction in a house, the
minister is at home. Mr. Allen entered
without knocking, and made his way to the
large, old-fashioned kitchen in which he
was sure of finding the family.

There, by a table, with his folded arms
laid heavily upon it, sat Mr. Owen. His
wife was in a small rocking chair by the
fire, and Blossom, a young girl, sat between
them.

Mr. Owen rose to welcome him; so did
Blossom; but the wife did not notice him,
she sat still, rocking herself to and fro,
looking at the blazing wood.

Mr. Allen put a hand in the brassy one
that was held out toward him, and laid the
other on Mr. Owen's great, heaving breast.
"My friend," he said, "how is it with the
decrees of God?"

"Just and true are all thy ways, thou
King of Saints," faltered the man.

There was something strange in his
voice—a thin, womanly sound, so unlike
the deep, stentorian tones in which he had
always spoken before. Mr. Allen, when he
heard it, almost felt as if it had dealt him
a blow.

"Thank God! He has not then forsaken
you, and from the depths of this deep
trouble you can still say, 'The Maker of
all death well.'"

"Yes, yes!" and for an instant there
glittered from his dull eye a spark of the
old controversial fire—"you don't suppose
I have held on to that anchor when the
shaves were cloudless, and the little waves
just rocked my bark, to let alone of it now
—now, when the great waves and billows
are going over me, do you? I've planted
it firm, and it don't yield; no, it don't
yield, but the storm is terrible. God send
it may carry me into port, oh, Mr. Allen,
so it will. It has seemed to me to-day so
dark, so wonderful, so inscrutable, that he
—my Bennie! Mr. Allen, there is a good
purpose behind it all. Can you see it?"

"To bring you nearer the kingdom,"
said the minister.

"Oh, don't tell me that, I can't bear it.
God is too wise; he knows a hundred such
souls as mine are not worth one of Ben-
nie's. I can suffer if I am too great a sin-
ner for God's grace to save, but Bennie!
Bennie! I have sat here all day, since the
news came, wondering, wondering; he was
so good a son," and Mr. Owen's voice grew
almost inarticulate with emotion. "Such
a dear, precious, noble boy! I thought,
when I gave him to my country, that not a
father, but all this broad land, made so pre-
cious gifts—not one God forgive me if my
grief is sin. Mr. Allen, the dear boy only
slept a minute, just one little minute, at
his post; I know that's all, for Bennie
never dozed over a minute. How prompt
and reliable he was!" and Mr. Owen's
eye wandered out over the brown fields,
with such a perplexed, wondering look.

"I know he only fell off one little second;
he was so young, and not so strong, that boy."
Yes, yes, let us hope, God is very
merciful, and Bennie was so good—I do
not mean lightly," he said, correcting him-
self sharply, "there is none holy, no, not
one, but Jesus died for sinners. Mr.
Allen, tell me that. Oh, Bennie, Ben-
nie!"

The mother raised herself up as she
heard his name called, and turning, said
with a smile,
"Don't call so loud, father. Bennie is
not far off; he will come soon."

"God laid his hand on them both, you
see," said Mr. Owen, pointing to her, with-
out making any direct reply. "She has
not been just yet herself since. It is a
merciful thing she is sort of stunned, it
seems to me; she makes no walk. Poor
mother! If my heart was not broken, I
would almost kill me to see her so. Bennie
was her idol. I told her often, God
had said, 'Thou shalt have no Gods be-
fore me.'"

Mr. Allen looked in astonishment at the
bowed man as he came now and stood be-
fore him. These few hours had done the
work of years. The sinewy frame was
tottering, the eyes were dimmed, and the
golden sunset had written itself in deep
wrinkles all over his manly face. He re-
cognized the powerful the great kind heart,
simple and almost child-like in its inno-
cent, clinging affection; how could this be
reconciled with the stern strong head—the
head that to common observers out-lived
the character of the man? "God have
mercy on you. He is trying you in a
furnace seven times heated," he exclaimed
aloud.

"I should be ashamed, father?" he said.
"When I am a man, to think I never used
this great right arm—and he held it out so
proudly before me—for my country, when
it needed it. Palsy it, rather than keep it
at the plough."

"Go, Bennie, then go, my boy," I said.
"and God keep you. God has kept him. I
think, Mr. Allen," and the farmer repeat-
ed these words slowly, as if in spite of his
head, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen,
doubt it not."

Blossom had sat near them listening,
with blanched cheek. She had not shed a
tear to-day, and the terror in her face had
been so very still that no one had noticed
it. She had occupied herself mechanically
in the household cares, which her mother's
condition had devolved upon her. Now
she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen
door, opening to receive from a neighbor's
hand a letter. "It was from him," was all
she said.

"Twas like a message from the dead—
Mr. Owen could not break the seal for
his trembling fingers, and held it toward
Mr. Allen with the helplessness of a
child.

The minister opened it, and obedient to
a motion from the father, read as fol-
lows:

"Dear Father:—When this reaches you
I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed
awful to me; but I have thought about it
so much now that it has no terror. They
say they will not bind me nor hind me, but
that I may meet my dear life a man. I
thought, father, might have been on the
battle-field for my country, upon her. Now
I feel, it would be fighting gloriously; but
to be shot down like a dog for nearly be-
traying it, to die for neglect of duty!—oh,
father, I wonder the very thought does not
kill me! But I shall not disgrace you—
I am going to write you all about it, and
when I am gone, you may tell my com-
rads. I can't now."

"You know I promised Jenny Carr's
mother I would look after her boy, and as his
father was not strong when he was ordered
back into the ranks, and the day before
that night I carried all his baggage besides
my own on our march. Towards night we
went in a double quick, and though the
baggage began to feel very heavy, every-
body else was tired out, and as for Jenny
if I had not lent him an arm now and then
he would have dropped by the way. I
was all tired out when we came to camp,
and then it was Jenny's turn to be sen-
tinel, and I would take his place, but I was
so tired, father, I could not have kept
awake if I had had a gun at my head, but
I did not know it until—well until it was
too late."

"God be thanked," interrupted Mr. Ow-
en, reverently. "I know, Bennie, was not
the boy to sleep carelessly on his post."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short
reprieve given to me by the circumstances,
"time to write you," our good Colonel says.
Forgive him, father, he only does his duty,
he would gladly save me if he could, and
don't lay my death upon against Jenny—
The poor boy is broken hearted, and does
nothing but beg and plead that to let
him die in my stead."

"I can't help you to think of mother and
Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell
them I die as a brave boy should, and that
when the war is over, they will not be as-
hamed of me as they must be now. God
help me, it is very hard to bear. Good-
bye, father. God seems near and dear to
me, not at all as if he wished me to perish
forever, but as if he felt sorry for his poor,
sinner, broken hearted child, and would
take him to be with Him and my Savior,
in a better—better life."

A great sob burst from Mr. Owen's
heart. "Amen!" he said solemnly. Amen!"
"To-night in the early twilight I shall
see the cows all coming home from pas-
ture. Daisy, and Brindle and Bet; the
old Billy too, will come to me from his
stall, and precious little Blossom stand on
the back stoop waiting for me—but I shall
never—never come. God bless you all,
forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night the door of the "back
stoop" opened softly and a little figure
glided out, and down the foot-path that
led to the road by the mill. She seemed
rather than walking, turning neither to
the right nor left; starting not as the
full moon stretched queer, fantastic shapes
all about her, looking only now and then
to Heaven, and folding her hands, as if in
prayer.

Two hours later, the same young girl
stood at the Mill Depot, watching the
coming of the night train, and the con-
ductor as he reached down to lift her in
wondered at the sweet, tear-stained face
that was upturned toward the dim lantern
he held in his hand.

A few questions and ready answers told
him all, and no father could have cared
more tenderly for his only child, than he,
for our little Blossom.

She was on her way to Washington, to
ask President Lincoln for her brother's life.
She had stolen away, leaving only a note
telling her father why she had gone. She
had brought Bennie's letter with her; no
good, kind heart like the President's could
refuse to be moved by it.

The next morning they reached New
York, and the conductor found suitable
company for Blossom, and hurried her to
Washington. Every minute now might
be a year in her brother's life.

And so in an incredible short time Bloss-
som reached the Capital and was hurried
at once to the White House.

The President had just seated himself
to his morning task of looking over and
signing important papers, when, without
one word of announcement, the door soft-
ly opened, and Blossom, with her eyes
down cast and folded hands stood before
him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleas-
ant, cheery tones, "what do you want so
bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered out
Blossom.

"Bennie! Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to
shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Lincoln, as he ran
his eye over the papers before him. "I
remember. It was a fatal sleep. You
see my child, it was at a time of special
danger. Thousands of lives might have
been lost through his culpable negli-
gence."

"So my father said," said Blossom very
gravely, "but poor Bennie was so tired,
sir, and Jenny so weak. He did the
work of two, sir, and it was Jenny's night,
but his was too tired."

"What is this you say, child? the kind
man caught eagerly, as ever at what seemed
to be a justification of an offence.

"Blossom was of a small size, and
certainly well ventilated, for I could see
the stars through the roof. The bed was
simply a bag of straw thrown into the cor-
ner of the room, without a sheet or cov-
ering of any kind. This last fact, however,
was not of so much consequence, as it was
summer and oppressively hot."

I stood for more than an hour gazing
out of the opening which served for a win-
dow. Before me was the immense prairie
the limits of which I could not see. The
tavern in which I had taken up my abode
appeared to be isolated from all other
dwellings, and save the creak of the trep-
pad and the hum of the locust, not a
sound reached my ear. It was a beauti-
ful moonlight night, so bright that I could
see to read the smallest print.

At last I began to grow weary, and
threw myself on the pallet. I was soon
plunged in deep slumber. How long I
slept I know not, but I was awakened by
a dull sound, which resembled some one
haunting in the distance. I suppose it
was the peculiarity of the sound which
awoke me, for it was by no means loud,
but conveyed to me the idea of some one
striking iron with a muffled hammer. I
rose from my bed and to the western horizon
from which I knew it must be near
morning. The sound I have before re-
ferred to reached me more distinctly than
when in the back part of the chamber. It
appeared to come from some out-house
which were situated a hundred yards from
the house.

Now I am naturally of an inquiring
mind, and this sound, occurring at the
middle of the night, aroused my curi-
osity, and I felt an irrefragable desire to
go out and discover the cause of it. This
desire, as the sound continued, grew upon
me with such intensity, that I resolved to
gratify it at any price.

I put on my boots, the only article of
clothing I had discarded, and cautiously
opened the door of my chamber and noise-
lessly descended the richly carved stair-
case, which I found entirely deserted. I
crept quietly to the window, and unfasten-
ing it without making the slightest noise,
was soon in the moonlight.

Not a soul was visible, but the sound I
have mentioned grew much more distinct
as I approached the place from whence it
proceeded. At last I found myself before
a long, low building, through the crevices
of which I could perceive a lurid glare
being. I stooped down and peeped thro'
the key-hole, and to my extreme surprise
I saw half a dozen men, with their coats
off and sleeves up, performing a variety
of strange occupations. Some were work-
ing at a large, others were superintending
the casting of moulds, and some were en-
gaged in the process of mining gold. In a
moment I had the life for too precious to
be lost. Go back, or wait until to-mor-
row; Bennie will need change of duty, he
has so bravely faced death; he shall go
with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom;
and who shall doubt that God heard and
registered the request.

Two days after this interview the young
soldier came to the White House with his
little sister. He was called into the Presi-
dent's private room and a strap fastened
"upon the shoulder." Mr. Lincoln said,
"that you carry a sick comrad's baggage and
die for the act so uncomplainingly."

Then Bennie and Blossom took their way
to their Green Mountain home, and a
crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to wel-
come them back, and farmer Owen's tall
head towered above them all, and as his
hand clasped that of his boy, Mr. Allen
heard him say fervently, as the holiest
blessing he could pronounce upon his
child: "Just and true are all thy ways,
thou King of Saints."

